

## **IT: Chapter three by kagomekagethief**

**Category:** IT

**Genre:** Adventure, Romance

**Language:** English

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2019-09-23 19:38:49

**Updated:** 2019-10-01 20:46:25

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 05:30:18

**Rating:** M

**Chapters:** 3

**Words:** 6,649

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** A fan-maded third chapter for the movies/book, IT. Lots of Eddie and Richie ness too... I apologize for the mistakes, this site wont let me fix them and I'm new so I kinda have no idea what I'm doing.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Disclosure

This is a fan-story/fanfic/fanfiction I am writing for the movie/novel IT by Stephen King.

Of course I do not own, or claim any of these characters as my own, except this one OC I plan on putting into the story.

But I won't even fully claim their name, because I'm heavily basing it off of a popular fast food place.

This story is going to be the after events of the second movie, IT: Chapter 2.

This story does not follow the book, just the movies. ((although I did buy the book a while ago, so I could study the characters more.))

This story takes place two years after the advents of the end of the movie IT: Chapter 2.

I'll explain a bit about the story, just so when you go into reading it, you won't be completely confused.

-Eddie gets revived, and the story will go into how and why that happens. There's an actual plot to it; it won't be "he magically came back to life".

-Beverly and Ben are a couple, like how they were at the end of the movie.

-In this story they are adults; it takes place 2 years after the ending of the second movie.

-Richie's feelings for Eddie are still in this story, like they were in the movies. Although Eddie's feelings or awareness to Richie's are unknown for now.

-Eddie and Bill have both gone through a divorce ((Bill's just recently, and both divorces will be explained throughout the story)).

-And last but not least, this will be a long story; give or take around 20 chapters. I have a whole plot and am extremely excited to be writing this. Even though it's just a fanfiction, I am in love with this franchise and the characters.

Without further delay,

A fanfiction,

## **IT: Chapter three**

### **CH. 1**

#### **Fries**

"That's utterly disgusting," Eddie growled, eye twitching dramatically as he watched Richie.

Two members of the Loser Club were seated in padded chairs, each side of a bright white table. Their trays of fast food were half eaten, though Eddie was still pushing his garden salad around with a fork.

"Three second rule bitch," Richie grinned crookedly, leaning down to pick up the fry he dropped, and popped it into his mouth.

Eddie quickly glanced away and made a gagging noise, shoving his chair away from the table.

"What the fuck is wrong with you!?"

"Oh tough shit, Germaphobe," Richie snorted, leaning his crossed arms onto the table, in his friend's direction. "I paid for them, I'll eat them."

"A big-shot comedian like yourself can afford to lose a fucking fry," Eddie mumbled, glaring. He then paused, thinking, and jumped out of his chair like a startled rabbit.

"Y-You did that just to fuck with me, didn't you!?", he accused, voice cracking as he shouted.

A few people glanced away from their own meals to the two men

making a ruckus. Noticing that, Eddie quickly sat back down in his chair, feeling a bit embarrassed for raising his voice.

Richie didn't respond, but rather push his thick glasses up, and smirked at his friend.

"Fucking asshole," Eddie spat again, expect his voice was quieter now.

It earned a laugh from Richie, who now had his head resting in his palm, admiring his frustrated friend.

"I can't believe I came back alive just to relive you being a prick!", Eddie growled.

Richie's smug expression instantly vanished, and he jerked back as if someone slapped him.

*It has almost been two years since it happen.*

*The clown. The blood. The screaming. Stanley. The deadlights.*

*First the kids, then Stanley... And then Eddie.*

*For months after, Richie was a ghost. He canceled his up-coming shows. He stopped eating.*

*Bourbon was the only thing he crept out of bed for.*

*Out of the blurred days, Bill appeared in his face, shouting soundless words at him.*

*Shaking Richie by the shoulders. He couldn't understand what Bill wanted, or what he was saying. His lips kept moving in the same pattern.*

*Oh. He was repeating something.*

*"Eddie. Eddie was alive."*

*Everyone was confused. Everyone was bewildered. Everyone thought they were dreaming.*

*The call from Derry. The news reports. The incaved house, a unconscious man in front of it. Months after the invent.*

*So many questions. No answers.*

Eddie's annoyance faded as he viewed Richie. Guilt flashed over his features.

"Shit, sorry... Sorry. I shouldn't of played the dead card," Eddie said softly, bringing his chair back to the table.

"Yeah, no more dead card," Richie said, a rare tone in his voice. He quickly fixed his glasses, but Eddie knew it was an excuse for Richie to wipe his cheeks.

"Yeah okay, no more of that shit," Eddie agreed quickly, his foot nervously tapping on the floor, watching Richie to see if he was okay.

Suddenly Richie's phone rang, and in a second he seemed back to normal; answering it with a slight grin on his face.

"Yeah Ben?" He answered; and Eddie exhaled quietly in relief.

"Yeah...Yeah okay. Yes! For fuck sakes, we're going now," Richie explained, crumpling the wrapping of a burger in his hand as he spoke.

Putting his phone back into his leather jacket's pocket, he rose from his chair.

"Okay come on, Ben's waiting for us out front," Richie explained.

"Finally," Eddie grumbled, quickly rising to his feet and grabbing his bag. "Fuck this place."

"It's fast food, calm down," Richie said as he walked to the door, not waiting for his friend.

"Dude, do you know how much fucking cholesterol and disease-causing shit they put into one single mouthful?" Eddie lectured, following quickly behind Richie.

"No," Richie sighed, walking out of the building with Eddie, into the cloudless afternoon.

He quickly spotted Ben's car; a silver BMW. He strolled towards the spotless car, ignoring Eddie's lecturing the best he could.

"Before 2011, the pink slime-" Eddie ranted, but Richie cut him off by opening the passenger door.

"Okay hello!", Richie greeted loudly, followed by a annoyed grunt of Eddie climbing into the back seat.

Ben lifted his hand off the steering wheel to wave. As always, he looked gorgeous; perfectly tailored suit, clean shave, groomed hair.

Ben waited until his friends got into his car to speak, "Hey guys. How was lunch?"

"Disgusting," Eddie responded.

"Fannnn-tastic," Richie grinned, "Thanks for picking us up hot shot."

"Uh, I'm not a hot shot," Ben replied confusedly, glancing at Richie before he begun to drive, softly turning his car to leave the busy parking lot.

"Sure you are! You know, the fancy car, the suit," Richie made a gesture over his own head, "The hair."

Ben glanced at his rear-view mirror to spot his hair, but said nothing.

"Where's Bev?" Eddie asked from the back seat.

"Ahh, she's repainting the bedroom. Said white was too bland," Ben answered, not being able to keep the smile out of his voice.

*Ben and Beverly had been together for almost a year now.*

*After divorcing her husband, which was one of the best things she ever done, her and Ben spend a month on his yacht.*

*Sailing around, exploring new places, letting their feelings for another grow, before they started dating. No one in the group was surprised when it happen, since Ben's feelings where obvious from the beginning.*

"White is fine," Richie grumbled to himself quietly.

"You still want me to drop you off at Bill's?" Ben asked, glancing away from the road to look at Richie.

"Yeah, thanks," Richie replied.

"Yes WE would; Just because I'm in the back seat doesn't mean I'm not here!" Eddie snapped.

"Sure it does Eds, you're always easy to forget," Richie grinned crookedly, throwing a look over his shoulder to his annoyed friend.

"How many times do I have to tell you, don't fucking call me Eds!" Eddie snapped, face getting flushed with frustration.

"Your mom doesn't mind me calling her 'Eds'. Fuck, she said I can call her whatever I want when I'm-"

Eddie cut him off by lunging forward and smacking Richie upside the head.

Richie let out a laugh as they started a tussle; Eddie shoving Richie's face, and Richie trying to get Eddie in a head lock.

"H-Hey! Alright, alright! Enough you two!", Ben shouted a tad nervously when Eddie's elbow almost smacked him in the face, "I'm fucking driving here!"

Eddie waved Ben goodbye as Richie rang Bill's doorbell.

The house was light grey, and decently large for a middle class community. Some lush green bushes in the front yard really gave the house a "homie" vibe, and the grass was neatly cut.

Kids that could be heard laughing from down the street, and the chirping of birds reminded Eddie and Richie that they weren't in the city.

They both lived right center of the large city, so seeing calming, dead-end streets like the one Bill lived on was rare.

Footsteps were heard before the front door open and Bill greeted them with a warm smile. Bill's dirt-stained jeans, and red hands told them he was working in the backyard before they came.

"Hey guys," Bill said, generally pleased to see two of his oldest friends.

"Yo," Richie replied, giving Bill a bro-hug and walking into the house.

Eddie's greeting to Bill was more kind; a gentle hug before entering Bills home.

"So why'd you call us over?" Richie asked when the three of them got to Bill's kitchen, which best feature was the blue marble countertops.

He didn't bother to ask Bill's permission before he started opening cupboards.

"Nothing serious, Mike just sent me a post card. Thought you guys would want to read it," Bill explained as he watched Richie raiding his cupboards.

"Oh yeah? Where's he at now?" Eddie asked kindly.

Bill leaned over the counter to grab a bright blue post card, and handed it to Eddie. Eddie took it and flipped it over, reading.

"The Bahamas. Nice", Eddie nodded, paused, and then added, "Hope he got some vaccines before going."

"Maybe he'll return with hepatitis and pass it to you," Richie commented as he pulled a glass mug out.

"Go fuck yourself!" Eddie snapped defensively.

"Last week he was in Rome," Bill continued, ignoring the two's banter, "He's really keeping his word about exploring the world."

"Well good on him, hope he's enjoying himself," Richie said while taking out a small flask, which was hidden in his jacket's pocket.

Both Eddie and Bill grimaced as they watched him fill the mug a



quarter-way full of amber-coloured liquor.

"Isn't it a little early to be hitting the sauce Rich?" Bill commented, "It's 1PM dude."

"It's 5'o'clock somewhere," Richie chuckled before gulping down the drink.

Eddie rolled his eyes to hide his concern for Richie's drinking, and went back to talking to Bill.

"Mike should be coming back soon, right?" He asked.

"He should be, he's been gone for a month this time," Bill answered, trying not to stare at Richie, and added, "I also wanted to invite you guys to dinner. I asked Ben and Bev too; they should be here in a few hours."

"Sure, thanks," Eddie accepted with a smile, and gave Bill's shoulder a pat.

"Until then, Bill, I'm taking a dip in your pool," Richie stated, putting the empty mug in the sink before strolling out of the kitchen.

Bill's house had a glass sliding door that could be seen from the open living room, which lead to the backyard.

His pool wasn't impressively large, but it was in-ground, and 7 feet deep. It was good enough for a few hours of fun.

"Go ahead," Bill called after him, and then grinned at Eddie, "Gonna go join him?"

"Uh, no offense Bill, but when was the last time your pool was cleaned?" Eddie asked while making a face and shifting uncomfortably, "I can only swim in clean pools. And it needs to have-"

"That's his way of saying he's pussing out," Richie called out.

"Seriously, go fuck yourself Richie!" Eddie shouted back.

A loud laugh from Richie was heard before the sliding door opened, and slammed shut behind him.

"I fucking hate that guy," Eddie growled to Bill.

"No you don't!" Bill laughed, shoulders shaking with amusement.

"Yeah well...", Eddie murmured, his palm brushing against the smooth marble countertop.

The household suddenly fell silent; with Richie's loud voice gone, chirps of birds from outside grew louder.

Bill walked over to the sink, and began to rinse out the mug Richie had used. He glanced back at Eddie as he dried his hands on a towel.

"Want a drink?" Bill offered.

"Sure. Water would be great," Eddie said.

Bill poured them both a glass of water, and they clinked their drinks together as if it was some fancy wine.

They both drank in silence for a long handful of seconds.

"I have something to show you," Bill suddenly spoke, and Eddie watched him rummage around with the papers on the counter, before pulling a single white sheet out, and handing it to Eddie.

Eddie took it, and as he read over it his eyebrows creased deeply.

"You're officially divorced," Eddie stated out loud, looking over the paper once more before handing it back, "Should I be congratulating you, or...?"

"Maybe 'or'. I'm not sure yet," Bill said, taking another drink of his water. "It's a relief all the fighting will stop. But, eleven years is a lot to just forget."

"Unlike mine," Eddie said, "Happily divorced, happy to forget the past seven years."

"You never miss it?" Bill asked curiously.

Eddie shook his head right away, "No. Being with Myra was suffocating... And I already need an inhaler."

Bill mumbled softly, taking another drink. Eddie softly tapped the side of his glass with a finger.

"Hey, I've been wanting to talk to you," Bill said suddenly, a careful tone in his voice.

Eddie glanced at his friend, and put his glass down on the counter.

"Do... Do you ever wonder... What happen to you?" Bill asked softly, his voice no louder than a whisper.

The question caught Eddie off guard, and it took him a handful of seconds before being able to reply.

"All the time."

Bill nodded, staying quiet to allow Eddie to continue.

"It was... It was strange, to say the least. I worry sometimes, that we didn't kill...," Eddie trailed off, pausing to take his inhaler out of his pocket, and inhale with it deeply.

"We did kill it Eddie. You know that. It's gone," Bill reassured, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"I know. But how else am I alive? What else could've, you know, revived me?" Eddie asked, giving Bill a nervous expression. He used his inhaler again.

"If it was still alive, it wouldn't of saved you," Bill stated, his voice firm, "It would've wanted you to stay dead... Like Stanley."

Eddie nodded, and sighed, rubbing his temples. Bill picked up Mike's postcard, and looked it over again.

"Maybe that's why Mike is traveling to different cultures," Bill said, "Maybe he's trying to find an answer. See if other places have dealt

with this."

"You really think that?" Eddie's eyebrows creased.

"Well, yeah. Just wasn't going to say with Rich around," Bill answered, and Eddie gave a understanding hum.

Neither of them needed to mention out loud how Richie would feel about this conversation.

He would try to shut it down, or bring something else up. Richie would suggest another topic, one "happier", or simply state that talking about the past wouldn't do them any good.

No matter what, Richie would dodge the conversation.

And if the conversation was forced, or something Richie wouldn't escape from, his voice would silence. He would avoid eye contact, and on rare times, his eyes would water.

The events that happen almost 2 years ago seemed nothing but bad memories to everyone, except Richie.

He was the only one who still seemed afraid. He was the only one who still had bags under his eyes, who still had nightmares.

Although he never told the group about it, they could tell he has trouble sleeping.

And no one needed to guess why Richie would carry a flask of liquor everywhere he went.

Richie was the only one, besides Beverly, to have seen the deadlights.

Time and healing helped Beverly forget them, to the point where she didn't really remember what they even looked like.

But Richie remembered every detail. If he had grown up to be a artist, he could draw every detail.

Out of everything, the deadlights were the one topic Richie never dared to say a single word.

## 2. Flashback((part 1))

### CH. 2

#### Flashback ((part 1))

*Richie was the first one to get to the hospital.*

*Months of his drunken, sullen state did not phase his ability to act fast, and to open his trashmouth for getting his way.*

*His agency was very shocked, if not a tad scared, when their favourite comedian suddenly rose from the dead, and shouted at them for immediate transportation.*

*It took Richie all of 6 hours, and 52 minutes to get to his destination; he counted.*

*When Richie entered the hospital, he looked like a hot mess. Unshaved beard, mucky hair, dirty glasses.*

*He staggered around for a moment at the front entrance before spotting the reception counter, and deadlined for it. He nearly tripped as he walked towards it, his shoes scuffing against the floor.*

*"L-Looking f-for E-E-Eddie," He sputtered as soon as he got there, voice sounding slurred and alarmed.*

*The woman on the other side of the counter narrowed her eyes at him; the man stunk of liquor, and stale deodorant. Maybe he was a confused drunk who happened to wobble into the building. She closed the book she was currently reading, a way to make her shift go by faster, and then tapped at the computer mouse.*

*"Sir, I'll need a last name too," She said, voice tedious.*

*Richie muttered something out, but his voice tripped over itself. Then his whole body started to shake.*

*"I'm sorry sir, you'll have to speak up," The woman sighed, "What was the last name?"*

*"K-KASPBRAK!" Richie suddenly exploded, throwing his arms up, "EDWARD FUCKING KASPBRAK! I'M LOOKING FOR EDWARD KASPBRAK!"*

*The women's bored expression instantly turned to scared, and she jerked her chair backwards a good foot.*

*"S-Sir, lower your voice! Or I'll-"*

*"I'm so sorry miss," A softer, velvet-smooth voice appeared, "He didn't mean it. We're just looking for our friend. We got a call saying he was at this hospital, you see."*

*Richie blinked roughly, his blood-shot eyes looking over Ben, wondering for a second when he even got there.*

*The women relaxed in the voice of Ben, and they talked in hush tones. He put his hand on her shoulder, gave a genuine smile, and in return she told them a room number.*

*And then Richie was sprinting to the elevator, nearly tripping over his own feet as he ran. The women's voice shouted after him, followed by Ben attempting to calm the situation.*

*Richie didn't remember getting off the elevator, but he bolted down the hallway, breathing harshly. Swinging head side to side looking at the rooms and their numbers, he suddenly nearly fell backwards when he crashed to a halt.*

*The room number the woman had told Ben. It was right in front of him.*

*His hand was shaking so badly that it took him a few tries to open the door (running around while being hung over wasn't the greatest plan), but once he did, he took a careful step into the room.*

*A sleeping man was laying in the bed in the middle of the room. He had dark circles around his eyes.*

*The white blankets were tightly wrapped around him, and his arms were outside of the covers, laying gently at his sides, with IV's in each hand.*

*The man's hair was greasy, in need of a wash, and the wrinkle lines on his forehead made him look worried, even when he was sleeping.*

*It was Eddie.*

*Richie's vision became blurred, like being underwater, and it took him a minute to realize he was crying.*

*He staggered from the door frame to the empty chair at Eddie's bedside slowly, each step more dramatically unblanced than the last.*

*With a loud 'thud' he collapsed into the chair, and suddenly he forgot how to breath. Gasping, sobbing, chest shaking.*

*Eddie looked so feeble, so breakable. Like a little glass doll.*

*If Richie touched him, would he shatter into a million pieces?*

*Would this dream, this horrible, wonderful dream shatter as well?*

*Would he awake to be in his bed, with the curtains closed, so he couldn't tell if it was day or night? Would he bury his face into his dirty, tear-stained pillow, as he did every night?*

*Richie slowly, so slowly, reached his hand forward, only to quickly jerk it back in fear.*

*He swallowed, and while holding his breath, tried again. His fingers just barely, gently, landed on top of Eddie's hand.*

*And Eddie's hand was warm. And colourful, like skin should be.*

*If on perfect timing, Eddie's whole body shifted in the bed, and he let out a small grunt in his sleep.*

*Eddie was alive. This was real.*

*Richie broke down instantly.*

*He softly but quickly picked up Eddie's hand, as he scooted his chair very close to the bed side. Richie placed Eddie's hand against his cheek.*

*Eddie's hand was even more warm now that it was against his face, and*

*Richie closed his eyes to savour the moment.*

*Eddie's hand had a sickly sweet smell, like hospitals and medicine do, but Richie couldn't care less in the moment.*

*He pressed his lips to Eddie's hand for a long period of time before kissing it, and then continued to do so repeatedly.*

*As he kissed his dear friends hand, he also sobbed loudly.*

*"Eddie... Eddie, I love you. I love you so much... I never told you, and I'm so fucking sorry. Oh Edward, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry... I love you. I love you so much. I love you so, so so much. I fucking love you. I'm so sorry for what happen. It was my f-fault... I should've known to push you out of the way. I could've helped you. I'm so sorry... Eds, I love you so much. I'm so sorry.. I'm so so sorry, I love you I fucking love you so much, I'm so sorry..."*

*Richie blubbered endlessly, kissing Eddie's unconscious hand between sobs and speaking.*

*Eddie's hand became sopping, but Richie continued.*

*Pressure padded Richie on each shoulder, and he was gently getting pulled up from the chair. Like a mother gently coaxing their child away.*

*Richie's grip on Eddie's hand instantly tighten, and he gritted his teeth.*

*He wasn't leaving. Not again. Not ever.*

*"Rich, come on," a mumbled, blurred voice came to his ears, "You have to move."*

*Richie shook his head wildly, and grabbed Eddie's now stretched out arm even harder.*

*"The doctors need to look at him, you can come back after," The voice said again. Or was it a different voice? Richie couldn't tell.*

*"NO," Richie hissed through gritted teeth.*

*"Richie, you've been here for three hours already. The doctors NEED to*



*look at him."*

*Three hours? Impossible. Richie just got here. Was time fast-forwarding, he wondered. He would've glanced around for a clock, if he wasn't so scared of Eddie leaving his view.*

*"NO," Richie hissed out again.*

*"Shhh, come, just come on..."*

*"I WONT LEAVE HIM AGAIN!" Richie roared, but a hand managed to rip Eddie from his grip, and Richie was forced back towards the door.*

*Richie spun around, nearly falling over as he did, and swung a punch right at Ben's face. A loud crack sent Ben falling over, knocking over a tray as he did.*

*Beverly gave a startled gasp, and Bill quickly grabbed Richie.*

*It took Ben only a moment to recover, and he sprung to his feet to help Bill drag Richie out of the room.*

*The blood from Ben's nose was beginning to drip down to his chin, but he ignored it, as he needed both hands to restrain Richie.*

*Richie shouted, kicking his feet and struggling to get his arms free as Eddie disappear from his view.*

*He pushed and struggled to get away from his friends, cursing them out in slurred words.*

*Beverly stepped in front of Richie, and placed her gently hands on each side of his face.*

*"Richie, shhh, it's okay," She said gently, her voice soothing, "It's okay, it's okay."*

*Richie screamed at her, and thrashed against Ben and Bill's chained-grip again. His whole body begun to shake, and his already struggling vision had tears again.*

*He let out a sob, and his shoulders slumped down, exhausted from*

*struggling.*

*Berverly's lips gently placed a comforting kiss on his forehead, and she continued to shush him softly.*

*"E-E-Eddie," Richie wailed out, followed by another ugly sob.*

*Bill's and Ben's arms loosened, then wrapped around Richie in a hug.*

*The four Loser club-members pressed against the hallway wall as the doctors walked into Eddie's room. They stood there, like four distressed kids alone in the world, having nothing but each other.*

*Bill asked for the doctors to explain the story again.*

*The man in the white jacket held back a sigh, and begun to explain what happen again, for the seventh time.*

*There was a call from a distressed lady two nights ago.*

*She was out, taking her dog for a sunset walk. They followed their normal routine; two times around the street.*

*The lady would always avoid looking at the in-caved house at the end of the street; it always frightened her. The house stunk of rotting wood, and rusty nails, and other household materials were scattered across the yard.*

*She would think three months after the house suddenly caved down on itself, that the mayor of Derry would do something about the property.*

*Her dog was never interested in the house; there was much more interesting things to sniff on the other side of the road. Fresher scents, less mold.*

*But this time her dog suddenly lunged towards the house, nearly pulling the young woman off her feet.*

*The dog barked at the house, lunging towards a bundle of dirty drapes and floorboards on the grass.*

*She struggled to hold her dog back, and after a few seconds of tug-a-war with the leash, she shouted at her dog, which made it stop.*

*They continued on their walk, second time around the neighbourhood.*

*Once again as they walked past the house, her dog un-characteristically lunged at the yard, barking.*

*"Okay, enough!" The woman snapped, finally glancing at the direction her dog was, to see what was getting it's attention.*

*She suddenly froze, breath hitching in her throat; she expected it to be a squirrel, or a raccoon, not a dead man.*

*The man's clothing was ripped, covered in dirt, and stained with blood. He only had one shoe on. He laid on his back, arms gently at his side, as if he was placed there with care.*

*The woman struggled with shaking hands to take her cell phone out of her purse, and dial 9-1-1.*

*The police where there in a matter of minutes after the almost-screaming report from the woman, and soon the place was covered with flashing lights from cop cars.*

*A officer carefully walked towards the dead man, and examined him. He was in pretty good shape, for a dead body. No visible wounds from just eyeballing.*

*The officer noticed a lot of dried blood around the man's lower stomach, and he slowly raised the man's shirt to see a perfectly fine stomach; nothing but a light pink scar in a circle shape.*

*The cop's eyebrows creased in confusion, but then he suddenly jerked upwards, shocked when the man's body twitched.*

*He stared wide-eye as the man let out a cough, and a strained grunt.*

*The man wasn't dead at all.*

*Next thing a ambulance was called, and the man was carried off to the hospital.*

*It was hard to find ID on the man; his wallet was nearly ripped apart, and the inhaler in his pocket was crushed.*

*One card with a ID number was slightly readable, although it took hours for the investigators to find the right name and face to match it.*

*When the name Eddie Kaspbrak popped up, the identity matched the man.*

*They first called Myra Kaspbrak, who appeared to be his wife.*

*She screamed on the phone, demanding to talk to her husband, even though he was still unconscious.*

*She listed off lots of things Eddie was allergic to, or allegedly had, which didn't add up to his file.*

*She eventually declined coming to get her husband, saying this was all too much, and someone else could handle "Eddie's nonsense".*

*It seemed this woman had a hard time grasping reality.*

*The next on the contact list seemed to be his parents, but both were deceased.*

*Next was a group of five people, all seeming to be old, close friends.*

*The investigators called one by random; Bill Denbrough.*

*The man seemed very shocked, but much easier to talk to than the wife.*

*Bill listened to everything the investigator said, answering the questions. He asked if he could tell the others on the list; the other Loser club members.*

*The investigator seemed relieved to have that burden taken off his shoulders, and happily accepted.*

*Since getting to the hospital, Eddie has stayed unconscious.*

*The doctors didn't think he was in a coma, but rather resting. He would twitch, or randomly mumble in his sleep, but his eyes never opened.*

*The nurses checked his body for wounds when they changed him into a patient gown. Besides the healing pink scar on his stomach, and a small pink scar on his cheek, the man seemed fine.*

*Blood pressure was fine, no signs of brain trauma.*

*He just needed two IV's, for he was extremely dehydrated. And something else to keep a check on his heart as he slept.*

*The doctors nicknamed Edward Kaspbrak "In-caved boy", a light humored joke to hide their complete confusion for the case.*

*For how good condition he was in, they didn't understand why he wasn't waking up.*

*After exactly 48 hours of the man being at the hospital, a group of adults came, the friends that had been called.*

*And the man named Richard seemed the most riled up over the news of their friend.*

*Two days have gone by, although to Richie it just felt like a handful of hours.*

*Richie rarely left the chair at Eddie's bedside.*

*Beverly made a joke at one point that Richie was hogging their new friend to himself, but he knew she meant it, on some level.*

*He was holding up the line, content to not let anyone take his place. The rest would bring other chairs in to sit around Eddie's bedside.*

*The doctors still didn't know when Eddie would wake, so the time guess was stressing everyone out.*

*Their talking all sounded like blurs to Richie, who was only concentrating on Eddie.*

*Staying awake for 48 hours wasn't good for you, but Richie didn't care.*

*His blood shot eyes wouldn't blink much, and he kept his frozen hands at his face, keeping Eddie's hand pressed against his cheek.*

*He would close his eyes ever so often, to really take in how warm and lovely Eddie's hands were.*

*Even though Eddie was a man now, his skin was still as soft as it once was when he was a child. His fingers were skinny, and delicate; Richie remember teasing him about having girly hands.*

*But they were beautiful, just as Eddie was.*

*The irony of being in love with his straight, married best friend wasn't lost on Richie.*

*Richie was attracted to Eddie before he was even old enough to know what 'being gay' meant.*

*He always thought Eddie was pretty, in a guyish sort of way.*

*His bright eyes, hair that always looked soft, his constant worrying over his friends.*

*Richie would tease Eddie the most to gage his reactions, and thankfully Eddie would fall for it every time.*

*He would never give up a opportunity for contact; like wrestling, or giving a bro-hug.*

*And now that they were grown up, things weren't really different.*

*Richie couldn't help to admire Eddie even now, with him back from the dead, unconscious.*

*He pressed his best friends hand against his face again, more tightly this time, as he stared his face.*

*Eddie looked so peaceful sleeping.*

*Although Richie did prefer him worked up and frustrated by taunts, him being asleep looked so tempting. As if he was getting the best night's sleep anyone has ever had.*

*His lips were parted, and when people weren't walking by outside the room, it became so quiet Richie could hear his breathing.*

*Richie's eyes were very sore; being awake for 48 hours would do that to anyone. His vision was a bit blurred, but it wasn't any different than being*

*drunk.*

*And he was used to that by now.*

*Richie leaned forward in his chair, only to nearly fall out of it, and caught himself quickly, still keeping Eddie's hand stuck to his cheek.*

*He tried again, and leaned forward, this time keeping himself from falling, to look closer at Eddie.*

*He was still scared Eddie was going to break, as if God was playing a twisted game.*

*Bringing him back, just to snatch him away again.*

*Richie knew Eddie was a angel, but this angel needed to stay on Earth. With him.*

*Richie's thoughts were interrupted when Eddie exhaled loudly in his sleep, and then his whole body stretched out.*

*Richie's grip on Eddie's hand loosen to nothing as Eddie unconsciously stretched out both arms, and then folded them over his own stomach gently.*

*For a trembling moment Richie thought he was waking up, but Eddie only shifted comfortably back to sleeping.*

*The room fell silent once again.*

*Richie rubbed his blood shot eyes as he mentally struggled to get the waves of tiredness away from him.*

*He was too afraid to sleep; not for the nightmares, but for awaking to find Eddie gone. That something horrible would happen, and Richie wouldn't be around to stop it.*

*He exhaled tiredly as he watched Eddie sleep. Slowly reaching an arm out, Richie softly placed his palm against Eddie's cheek.*

*He rubbed his friend's cheek with a finger, going over the frown lines carved in his face.*

*Eddie would always frown a lot, but something about it would make Richie smile.*

*Richie's fingers trailed down to Eddie's jaw line, and stopped. The whole time Richie was watching him, he struggled to keep his gaze off his sleeping friend's lips.*

*But Richie was exhausted, and hung over. He let himself slip.*

*Eddie's lips looked so soft, even though they were dry and dehydrated.*

*Richie felt shame flush over himself as the thought of kissing came into his mind.*

*No, Eddie is straight. Stop that. He told himself to move his hand off of Eddie's face, but he couldn't.*

*He was exhausted, and fighting mind over will was too taxing at this point.*

*Richie leaned forward enough to hover over Eddie, placing his hands on each side of his shoulders. He gave a nervous swallow, wondering in his own mind what he was doing.*

*Was this really the right time to feel romantic? To give his unconscious, alive again, married best friend a kiss?*

*Richie knew the right answer, but he was struggling to care about it.*

*He leaned down further, now inches away from Eddie's face.*

*He could hear Eddie's soft breathing clearly now. Richie took a moment to enjoy it; the sound of Eddie being alive again.*

*A soft sob escaped his lips quickly as he remembered when Eddie wasn't alive, and a sharp feeling like a knife stabbed into his heart again.*

*The pain the first time was too much to bare; he couldn't dare think of it happening again.*

*Richie paused when his lips were merely a inch away from Eddie's.*



*So close he could almost imagine how they feel. Eddie exhaled again, and the sweet breath went against Richie's face, making his mind swim.*

*Richie closed his eyes, and decided to just let it happen.*

*"U-Ugh..."*

*Richie's eyes suddenly snapped wide open, and they were met with Eddie's. His bright eyes blinking slowly, the familiar creased in his forehead.*

*Richie's shock pulled him up more as he continued to stare with wide eyes.*

*"E-Eddie," He said softly, voice thick with emotion.*

*"O-Ow, my head," Eddie whimpered, not moving, but continuing to blink weakly.*

*"I-I... Y-You're okay," Richie stammered, struggling to find words as his head pounded, "We're in a hospital, but it's okay. Y-you're okay, you're okay."*

*Eddie looked around with his eyes, blinking slowly, carefully, as if this was the first time he could see. He looked at Richie, and frowned slightly.*

*"Richie?" He asked, sounding dazed.*

*"Yes, yes I'm here," Richie said quickly, picking up Eddie's hand to hold it comfortingly.*

*"W-What happened?" Eddie asked, his voice had a sore tone to it, "Did... Did we kill It?"*

*Richie firmly swallowed back a sob, and made his best attempt to grin.*

*"Damn right we did buddy. We killed that fucker dead."*

*Eddie's worried expression eased up, and he gave a dazed grin back. Richie could tell he was still waking from his fog.*

*Eddie then slowly began to sit up; Richie's hands hovered over each side of his friends, incase he needed support.*

*Eddie gently rubbed his eyes, and sighed deeply. He looked Richie over,*

*and the frown came back to his face.*

*Richie sat on the bedside as he watched Eddie, his focus not moving an inch.*

*"What in Hell happened to you Rich?" Eddie asked, concerned, but his tone came out a tad too harsh, "You look like shit."*

*Richie stared at Eddie for a long period of time, and then burst into laughter.*

*Eddie's eyes widen in alarm when Richie's laughing quickly turned into sobbing, his shoulders shaking.*

*And before Eddie could react, or say something, Richie threw his arms around him. He engulfed Eddie in a tight hug, so tight it kinda hurt.*

*Utter confusion and slight panic flooded over Eddie, but he hugged Richie back. He found it the most bizarre that Richie's crying didn't seem sad, or even distressed.*

*His friend sounded like he was crying in complete joy.*

### 3. Chapter 3

**Note from the writer ((AKA me~))**

I am continuing this story/fanfic, but no longer on this site.

I'm uploading the story on my DeviantArt account: [kagomekagethief/gallery/70659585/it-chapter-three](https://www.deviantart.com/kagomekagethief/gallery/70659585/it-chapter-three)

Or if that link doesn't work, my user name on DA is Kagomekagethief

Sorry, but keeps messing up the fronts with my story, and honestly it's just too confusing for me to handle.

I thank everyone who has read my story; even if you didn't like it, thanks for giving it the time of day!

If you want to continue reading it, it's getting posted and updated on my DA.

Thanks again.~